

THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

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THE HADDONFIELD BASKET.

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Written for the Haddonfield Basket.

HADDONFIELD.

BY REV. E. H. STOKES.

Hail, quiet Haddonfield! All peaceful, thou! Bathed in the vernal sun, or, crowned with snow, Age leaves no furrows on thy favored brow, Though age was thine a hundred years ago!

Spring comes with flowers trailing at her feet, And the rich fragrance burdens all the air, While summer foliage, bending o'er the street, And interlocking, makes a marriage there.

Beneath the shade childhood is full of glee, Singing the songs that mothers sung before; The murmuring winds are full of melody, And youth sighs softly as in days of yore.

Here all enjoy a quiet, home retreat, Where vice, by vice, is made to hide its face; Here, every creed can hold communion sweet, And health and happiness the people grace.

Here meetings, too, with often nothing said; The song and prayer without the outward sound; And here, too, "God's acre," where repose the dead, Whose unmark'd graves make silence more profound.

Here, age sits silent at the Master's feet; Serene old age, in solemn patience, waits, Till white-winged angels joyfully shall greet, And bear the white-robed through the golden gates!

Hail, quiet Haddonfield! All peaceful, thou! Bathed in the vernal sun, or, crowned with snow, Age leaves no furrows on thy favored brow, Though age was thine a hundred years ago.

Haddonfield, N. J., 1876.

ERRORS IN PRINTING.

The following article is copied from the "London Printing Times and Lithographer," but will suit any part of the world where the "gentle art" flourishes:

Probably one of the worst businesses under the sun is that of a printer. His every deed seeks the light of day. Those of the lawyer lie in dark boxes and between day. Those of the doctor places his indifferent handiwork in the earth; the tradesman has but his customer to please, and in satisfying him his work is ended. But the printer—every ignoramus spells over the work of the printer. Fellows who would find it impossible to put twenty letters together grammatically will point out with glee a fault in his work—indeed it is usually this class of individuals who make it a point of finding out every little discrepancy. Did the public know the thousands of different characters, different letters and atoms comprised in a printer's every day life—did they but know the variety of altogether foreign subjects he has to set up, read, correct and revise day after day—they would wonder how he kept out of the lunatic asylum. But practice makes perfect, and constant friction has rubbed off all the rough edges from the character of the man of letters—nothing takes effect upon him—he can view errors of the most frightful description with calmness. After all, what is an error, grammatical or otherwise? Simply so many types out of place, that's all, and quite enough—but not enough to upset the equanimity of the printer.

The Preacher, the "Pillar," and Gough.

Preaching in such a way as to please everybody is as difficult as to publish a newspaper to please everybody. The following is a case in point. In a certain town not essential to name, on one Sunday morning, a minister felt it incumbent on him to utter certain sentiments which he entertained, when a member of the church—a supposed "pillar"—rose, and protested against the utterance of such sentiments, and vehemently and noisily proceeded to shake off, for a testimony, the dust from his boots. The church, congregation, and even the town, were thrown into a ferment. Whether the minister would leave his pulpit or the "pillar" his pew, was the all-prevailing topic of the street on the following Monday.

Now it chanced that that very week John B. Gough was to speak in the aforesaid town in one of the churches, and the parson and the "pillar" both occupied prominent seats upon the platform, when Mr. Gough, in complete oblivion of the recent civil war in that community, arose to speak, which he did with an introduction somewhat after this fashion:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am a plain man, and I am accustomed to speak my thought plainly, without much weighing of my words, and without stopping to consider whether they are what will please my audience in all respects or not. And if, in this evening's lecture, I should chance to say anything that does not please, I beg that none of you will get up and march out of the house to mark your displeasure. I have known this to be done. I have even known a Christian man, on the Sabbath, and in church, when the minister happened to say something that did not just please him, get up and slam the pew door, and stalk majestically down the aisle, as though the minister was hired just to say things to please him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it was an ancient notion that souls were transmitted from one to another; that no new souls were ever created, but that whenever a babe was born, some one else died, and the soul of the one thus dying was transferred to the body of the babe; and I have sometimes thought, when I have seen a man go stalking out of church to the disirbance of the minister and congregation, because the minister happened to say something that did not please him, that this theory of the transmigration of souls might be true, and when that man was born, nobody happened to say things to please him.

We are not aware whether Mr. Gough knows to this day why his hit took so much better than usual, and was so rapturously cheered with clapping of hands and laughter. It is presumed, however, that he was not allowed to leave the town in ignorance of the circumstances. At all events, neither "pillar" nor parson left the church, and Mr. Gough proved an unconscious peace-maker.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Why is it that the inhabitants of so-called Christian countries fear to die more than all others?

The question may imply a fact which is novel to many, yet it is a fact. True Christians are, undoubtedly, in the hour of death, sustained by their faith, and we read of many calm, holy, peaceful Christian deaths; but the fact remains that death is dreaded by the mass of men in Christian countries. There are many well-authenticated accounts of Christian martyrdom, where men and women, for their religion, have sufflingly suffered ignominy, persecution and death; but the same is true of other creeds.

The heathen, however, is apt to face death calmly. He looks upon it as so much physical pain. To him there is no horror in what is beyond the grave. The weak and timid Hindoo, who submits to insult and abuse without the courage to strike one blow in his own defence, goes calmly to his execution, simply saying, "It is the will of God."

The "heathen Chinese" dies with a smile that is

childlike and bland, while the poor Japanese will commit hara-kara as a substitute for some wealthier man, in order to earn a few hundred dollars for his destitute wife and children.

The North American Indian burns at the stake with the war song on his lips; and the African in his own land is destitute of that dread of death which causes the darday to turn pale in this. All this cannot be mere bravado. If it were, it would not be so universal.

May not the reason be that the people of more enlightened lands are imbued with just enough faith in Christianity to entertain doubts as to their future state, which the heathen does not possess? While they are safe and well, men do not think of death and what comes after it. But in imminent peril and in times of sickness the teachings of childhood come back to them. They think, if these things be true, what will become of them?

They find it hard to feel that calm confidence by which the soul is upheld in the hour of trial. In spite of themselves they will dwell upon the hereafter, and the atheist dreads annihilation as much as others dread the uncertainties of the future. There are many theories about the fear of death, but if the curtain were lifted from the region beyond Jordan, and if the view was an agreeable one, few would, probably, shrink from the mere pain of dying.

A NEGRO'S PRAYER.

Rev. Alexander Clark, editor of a religious newspaper, makes the following report of a prayer uttered by a colored preacher at the South.

"O Thou blessed Jesus, who has met wid dy chil'n so ma-ny times befor', come his way jus' one time mo'—jus' o-n-e time mo'. Pull away de cultaints of dy majesty, an' fol' back ile doahs ob dy g-r-e-a-t glory, an' come down dis way jus' one time meah. You know de poor penitens is tremblin' in dare sins, like de leaves a tremblin' in de sto'm. You k-n-o-w-s how dey's a-cryin' an' a-weepin' in de dark midnight ob dare gloom; you k-n-o-w-s de moon turn into blackness, an' de stahs all blowl' out in de brell' ob de tempests' sweepin' round de sky ob sin. O Thou g-r-e-a-t Light ob de worl', po' in de floods ob de mohnin' upon dare troubled souls. You see de backsidah a-trippin' an' a-stumblin' on his way to hell. O, M-a-s-t-a-h, come one time mo'; put on dy beautiful galments, an' come a-trampin' down on de clouds obly majesty, an' stan' one time mo' upon de wave, as you done gone an' stan' on ol' Gae-i-lee long time ago; o-h, come, an' pint dy han' on de backsidah's shouldeah now, an' sto' dat man dis night. Did'n you promise to wipe away his drippin' teahs? You hearz de momnah's ery; you sees his drippin' teahs. O turn roon' Zion's wheel jus' one time mo', an' let down de glory! When de poor momnah call to-night—when he come a-creepin' an' a-weepin' to de altah, s-a-v-e, s-a-v-e, o-h, m-n-i-m-n, (a wailing chant by all,) s-a-v-e by de blood ob de Lamb. [The people respond, 'S-a-v-e by the blood!'] Turn de wicked el'ar roon'. Tell him whar to go wid his troubl' min'; show him what to do wid him pore broken heart. Comfort de weepin' Rachels; let de weary dohns leah on dy heahs; lish de stormy seas ol'sin'; blockade de road to hell; s-a-v-e, Mastah, o-h, s-a-v-e by de blood ob de Lamb. When you hearz de wailin' Marys, tell dem dare deal brilders shall come out'n de grave and live; tell de pore chil'n dare sins is all forgiven; tell de angels to take up de harps an' de trumpets ob glory; fin' wide open de mansions ob de New Jerusalem for de jubilee over de one sinner whu turns to de Lord to-night.

Richelieu's remark, "There's no such word as fail," should be modified to meet the present times, so as to state about how many cents will be paid on the dollar.

If you don't want your wife to bother you every day with the remark, "Don't forget that worsted," just mention to her the pretty girl who tends the worsted counter where you got the last.

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USEFUL DEPARTMENT.

ASPARAGUS.

A medical correspondent of an English journal says that the advantages of asparagus are not sufficiently appreciated. Those who suffer with rheumatism are cured in a few days by feeding on this delicious esculent; and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient avoids all acids, whether in food or beverage. The Jerusalem *artichoke* has a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. Most plants that grow naturally near the seacoast contain more or less iodine, and in all rheumatic complaints iodine has long been a favorite remedy. One who has been in the drug business told the writer some years ago that many of the popular patent nostrums which some disinterested people ("for the good of their fellow creatures") sold at two dollars a bottle, consisted simply of a few cents' worth of iodine in solution. Iodine is dangerous, however, in over-doses, affecting especially the eyes.

WOOD ASHES FOR PEACH TREES.

One who has given attention to the subject says: "I find it pays to put wood ashes and lime and a light sprinkling of salt around each peach tree. The top earth should be removed from the tree before the ashes, lime and salt are put around it. If the trees are at all unthrifty, it will restore them to life again, and in a short time they will look as thrifty as if nothing had been the matter with them. I think this helps the fruit to stay on. I would advise every one that has a few trees to try what I have recommended, and see if the fruit does not ripen better and grow finer than when they are left to have their own way."

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.

A correspondent of the "Scientific American," says: "The best remedy for bleeding at the nose, as given by Dr. Gleeson in one of his lectures, is a vigorous motion of the jaws, as if in the act of mastication. In the case of a child, a wad of paper should be placed in the mouth, and the child instructed to chew it hard. Of course an adult does not need the paper. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow of blood. This remedy is so very simple that many feel inclined to laugh at it, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, even in very severe cases."

CHOLERA.—The following prescription was used during the cholera visitation of 1849, with great benefit. It has been recently republished and highly commended: Take equal parts tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint and camphor, and mix for use. In case of diarrhoea, take a dose of ten to twenty drops in three or four tablespoonfuls of water. No one who has this by him and takes it in time, it is averred, will ever have the cholera. Even when no cholera is anticipated, it is an excellent remedy for ordinary summer complaint.

STOVE LUSTRE, when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and durable than when mixed with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust, and when put on an old rusty stove will make it look as well as new.

HENS' NESTS.—Sycamore leaves used in place of hay or straw in hens' nests, not only protect the hens from lice, but, with whitewashing, entirely banish vermin from the building.—[So said.]

TO CURE COUGH.—Take one handful each of herb hoarhound, catnip, tansey, hyssop, hops, and grated horse radish; boil them in one gallon of water till reduced to one half; strain, and add one oz. of elemi-paane and three pints of molasses; boil till reduced to three quarts; dissolve one oz. gum camphor in one pint best brandy, and add when cold. Take a wine-glass full night and morning, or when the cough is bad.

RHEUMATISM.—Take the yolk of one egg, three table-spoonfuls of vinegar, six of water, and two of turpentine; put them in a glass bottle, shake well; bathe cold a few times.

[The person giving the two above recipes, says: "I have received great benefit from them, and know that they are good."]

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

Ancient Fire Company of Haddonfield

We have before us an old and interesting document, belonging to Judge J. Clement, headed "Articles of the Friendship Fire Company in Haddonfield," which was formed on the 8th day of March, 1760. The members, "irposing Special Confidence in each other's friendship," mutually agreed, in order to protect themselves and their neighbors from fire, that each member should—

1st. Provide two buckets, and the company ladders and fire-hooks, and keep them ready for use.

2d. For failure to keep buckets ready at hand for use, by each member, he is subjected to a fine of one shilling for each bucket misappropriated or wanting.

3d. Bucket lost or damaged at fires to be supplied or replaced by the company.

4th. On the breaking out of a fire, all the members to repair to the same with their buckets, or forfeit two shillings, unless a reasonable excuse can be given for absence.

5th. Stated meetings to be held every four months. Absentees to be fined one shilling for the first offence, and two for the second.

6th. Agree to take turns in serving as clerk for four months—and in that capacity to inspect all the apparatus and report; serve notices; keep minutes of all proceedings; collect fines; act as treasurer; see that all the ladders and fire-hooks are returned to their proper places after each fire on pain of forfeiting one shilling for each failure; failing to give notice of meetings to forfeit one shilling for each member who shall be absent on account of such failure; failing to report the true condition of the apparatus to pay a fine of five shillings, and if any member shall refuse to serve as clerk in his turn, he shall pay a fine of ten shillings.

7th. No new member to be admitted or money expended, or alteration made in the articles of association, without the consent of a majority of those present, nor until the whole company has knowledge of the same in writing.

8th. Each member to keep a copy of these Articles and a list of the members' names fixed up in open view near his buckets.

9th. If any member refuses to pay his fines, "his name shall be razed out, and he shall from henceforth be excluded from the company."

10th. Gives further instruction about the buckets. Also, respecting chimneys being on fire; but this part has been struck out.

The following are the names attached to this ancient document.

Saml. Clement,	Saml. Clement, Jr.
Thomas Redman,	Thomas Cummings,
William Griscom,	Edward Grids,
John Matlack, Jr.	Hugh Creighton,
Isaac Kay,	J...ep... U...lling,
Jn. Hinckman,	Gasper Smith,
Robert Ed. Price,	Benjamin Haeley,
John Langdale,	Benjamin Vandeer,
Jacob Clement,	Thomas Redman, Jr.
John Gill,	James Davis,
Thomas Champion,	John Githens,
	Thomas Edgerton.

The name of Joseph Collins, in the above list has several pen-marks drawn across it, as if it had been erased. How long this company existed, or what its efficacy, we have no present knowledge.

THE GOLDEN POMEGRANATE.

The "Los Angeles (Cal.) Herald" says: The pomegranate is one of the most profitable fruits grown in this valley. The trees bear fruit in three years from the cuttings, and will grow on the most ordinary soil without irrigation. The pomegranate is a delicious fruit, and possesses medicinal qualities of great value. It will bear shipment better than any other fruit. It may be barrelled up and sent around the globe in good order. The retail price of the pomegranate on the street is ten cents a-piece, and Gen. Stoneman informs me that he has a standing order from a San Francisco firm to take all the pomegranates he can produce at five cents a-piece.

A Child's Premonition of Death.

A singular coincidence, to use no stronger term, occurred not long since in Wilmington. A little three year old, whose mother had died, and was consequently committed to the care of its grandparents, while gazing upward into the sky, paused in its seeming contemplation of things above, and, without any apparent cause therefor, turned to its grand-parent and remarked in its childlike prattle, "Drap-pa, my mamma is up yonder in the sky, and I'm going to see her next week!"

Then turning and entering the house, the child caught its grandmother by the hand and asked her if she would not go with her. "Where to?" inquired the lady, and was answered, "To my mamma in heaven." The following Friday the child was seized with membranous croup, the violence of which baffled all human skill, although some of the best talent in the city was called, and on the very first day of the next week the child died.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

We have received two answers to the Enigma in the last number of the "Basket"—one from Maggie Hamilton, of Baltimore, Md., and the other from Rev. T. B. Miller, of Philadelphia. It is as follows:

"The bow shall be in the cloud."—Gen. 9, 16.

While answering this Enigma, the gentleman above-named, sends us another:

I am composed of 16 letters:

My 2, 3, is a designation of the Holy Spirit.

My 12, 8, 14, 2, 1, what the Holy Spirit is.

My 16, 8, 10, 5, 1, 15, 11, remarkable youth.

My 4, 5, 8, 9, a name that signifies better.

My 12, 11, 6, 3, an ancient harp.

My 15, 13, 7, what a man did with money loaned him.

My whole is a comforting scripture fact.

[Answer solicited. Can't some our young friends (or old ones either) in Haddonfield take an interest in these pleasant little mental exercises?]

Mary Murdock Mason divides her sex into three classes, "the giddy butterflies, the busy bees, and the woman's righters. The first are pretty and silly, the second plain and useful, the third manly and odious. The first wear long, trailing dresses [or ridiculous pin-backs, with camel protuberances behind] and are of little personal value; the second wear aprons and give you apple dumplings; the third want your manly prerogatives, your dress coat, your money and your vote."

In the early days of Methodism in England, on one occasion, a whole wagon load of them were carried before a Justice. When asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence. At length, one of the accusers said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and, besides, they pray from morning till night." The magistrate asked if they had done nothing else. "Yes, sir," said an old man, "an't please your worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them, she had *such* a tongue! But now she's as quiet as a lamb!" "Carry them back! carry them back!" said the magistrate, "and let them convert all the seeds in the town!"

Scene at a Brooklyn wedding breakfast. Company all seated at table. A pause in the general conversation. Happy husband to his wife's seven year old sister at the other end of the room: "Well, Julia, you have a new brother now." "Yes," replied Julia, "but mother said to *paper* the other day that she was afraid you would never amount to much, but that it seemed to be Sarah's last chance!" Intense silence for a moment, followed by a rapid play of knives and forks.

"I would advise you to put your head into a dyer-tub, it's rather red," said a joker to a sandy-haired girl. "I would advise you to put yours into an oven, it's rather soft," said Nancy.

"My brothers," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all afflictions, in all ole your troubles, dar is one place where you can always find *sympathy*." "What? what?" shouted several. "In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

On our first page will be found the neat little poem which was spoken of and promised in the last number of the "Basket."

In the present number we conclude the excellent article, "Culture a Cure for Gossip."

"E. O. P." desires us to point out in what article of Gail Hamilton's may be found the quotation given in our last number in connection with our notice "To Correspondents" and the paper on "Culture," &c. We presume it is in some of that writer's fugitive pieces, and written perhaps more in the spirit of badinage than seriously. The little squill we found floating about promiscuously in the newspapers. But if E. O. P. has any doubt as to its paternity, we shall have to fall back upon our reserved rights, and, as the lawyers say, put the *onus of proof* upon our correspondent that the extract is *not* by the author named. We have not the leisure to examine the matter.

The Borough election for five Street Commissioners and three Commissioners of Appeal, falls, this year, upon the 11th of April next, being the second Tuesday of the month. Last year it was on the first Tuesday. Let all interested take a note of this.

The Singing Society of Haddonfield, we understand, contemplate favoring the people of the town with a Concert sometime within the near future; but the exact time is not fixed upon as yet.

H. V. McCULLY, Esq., according to announcement, gave his Select Readings, in Clement's Hall, on Friday evening last. The hall is not large, but it was pretty well filled with a very respectable audience. It was the first time we ever had the pleasure of hearing him, and were much pleased, as were, we presume, all who were present. He is a good delineator of character.

As a result of the late religious revival in our village, there have been added to the Methodist church, now under the pastoral care of Rev. J. G. Crate, the names of 88 persons, and to the Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Young, pastor, about 20 new names.

Chicken thieves have been depredating to a considerable extent in and around Haddonfield. Look out for them, you who still have your flocks intact, and if you have a chance, give these gentry "a warm reception and hospitable" quarters, by putting them in a chafing and feeding them, but compelling them to work; or else revive the old whipping-post, and give them a dose of the whip when caught. This would probably reform them, or cause them to move to other quarters.

Since writing the above, we understand that several of these marauders have been shot, and some of them seriously if not fatally wounded; and preparations are made and making to serve others in the same way, if circumstances should unfortunately make it necessary.

A public meeting of those interested in public school affairs was held, pursuant to notice, on Tuesday evening last, at the school house, when Mr. T. Clement was called to the chair, and J. Van Court acted as Secretary. Mr. J. P. Browning, District Clerk, then submitted his annual report, by which it appeared that the receipts had been \$6,079.29; expenditures, \$5,098.41—including the payment of three bonds with the interest due on them, amounting to \$1420.90. Since the present District Clerk has held the office, some five and a half years, the debt, at that time about \$21,000, has been reduced more than \$10,000. This is a good showing. \$1,000 was voted for school purposes, and \$2,000 to pay bonds and interest—same as last year.

Two more henneries were robbed, almost a clean sweep, on Wednesday night last, right in the most thickly built up portions of our town—the sacrilegious wretches invading the premises of even one of our clergymen, and killing the fowls upon the spot. Can nothing be done to stop this nefarious business?

Wm. C. Nicholson's house, near Haddonfield, was entered and robbed to the amount of some \$75, including a clock, on Monday night, the 13th inst.

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Written for the Haddonfield Basket.

CULTURE A CURE FOR GOSSIP.

Concluded.

There are those, however, who would gladly cultivate a mind which by nature, or training, or both, is susceptible of improvement, if, under circumstances often adverse, they only knew how to set about it. The grown up daughter who has received a plain education, the best, perhaps, which her parents could allow her the time to receive, sees the frivolousness of the relaxations in which she is called upon to engage, the trifling conversations in which she is expected to take part, and which have their peculiar and sometimes insidious temptations. But this daughter wishes to fortify herself against these evil tendencies, but, alas! for the time that culture demands. Or the mother, whose heart and brains are ever full of deep responsibilities, desires that information of which she has always felt the need, but how to secure the time for it is still a problem to her. And often the young lady of means, and of leisure from toil, finds the demands of society so numerous and irresistible, that she, too, finds no time to improve the education which she now realizes is imperfect through her own negligence. With the last-mentioned there must of course be a determined renunciation of such pleasures as interfere with a course of study that shall finally alone in some degree for lost opportunities. But the mother and the conscientious daughter, both striving all the while to perform thoroughly duties which are even paramount to culture, even these may find the time for daily draughts of knowledge that will refresh them, and which will likewise increase their capacity for acquiring it. One or two facts patiently drilled into the mind to-day, two or three new thoughts added to-morrow, a couplet which conveys some new and beautiful truth occasionally, added to the ever increasing store; the meaning of every page, after a careful reading, to be made thoroughly her own, and soon the student is surprised at the facility gained for future enjoyment.

The place of a classic name in history will lose none of its dignity from the fact that the persevering learner is making a bed, or sweeping, or dusting a room, while memorizing. A fine quotation will lose none of its depth because the appreciative student is kneading bread or arranging the family china. And you, weary mother—you, whose devotion to your household, allows but little time for relaxation, to whom a concert or a lecture almost never comes, how very much a little daily culture of this kind will change the grooves of your existence. It will put a new light into your life. Every word which is "blunted out" in the dictionary; every allusion, whether classic or modern, that requires a reference to some standard authority, takes but a few seconds from the ordinary business of life, but it wonderfully increases the capacity for intellectual enjoyment, and may furnish entertainment for many a lonely hour in which memory is the only resource; or it may supply refreshment in after years to a mind weary with the cares that perhaps know no other earthly respite. Let culture, then, be the watchword of American women, especially of those living in districts remote from city amusements and city gayeties. For it is in these country places that gossip spreads its slimy folds most openly and seductively. Culture is already the rule in the larger communities, but it deserves a firmer place in every home throughout our land.

E. O. P.

The Camden and Atlantic Railroad ought to have a platform at the Market and Federal street junction. We have heard serious complaints made of the difficulty and inconvenience to the aged, the women and children, in getting on and off the cars there for the want of this accommodation. This might be of much more advantage to the public than looking sharply after the extra ten cents on tickets when not bought before entering the cars, when, very often, there is no ticket office at the place whence the passenger starts or where he gets off. We believe there is no such office at the Market or Federal street ferry, or at the junction, and hence the traveller, starting from these points, is compelled to purchase his ticket on the car, and pay his ten cents extra, with a chance of getting it back sometimes, if he ever reaches a ticket office, hasn't lost his railroad *ticket coupon*, don't forget it, willing to take the trouble, etc.

An Election for Township Officers took place at the Town Hall, on the 13th inst., which resulted in the re-election of all the old incumbents, as follows:

Justice of the Peace. R. Elmer Clement, *Judge of Election.* David D. Middleton, *Treasurer Clerk.* Abram P. Vandegrift, *Assessor.* Jacob S. Cady, *Collector.* Abel Clement, *Chase Frockholder.* Richard Snowden, *Treasurer Committee.* John Stoy, Richard Snowden, Joseph C. Hollinhead, Samuel Wood, Joseph C. Stoy, *Surveyor of Highways.* Joseph Nicholson, Elwood H. Fowler, *Commissioner of Appeals.* Jacob L. Rowland, John Stoy, Joshua P. Browning, *Overseer of the Poor.* Charles L. Macready, *Constable.* Charles L. Macready, *Pound-keeper.* Charles L. Macready, *Township Physician.* C. Hendry Shivers, *Overseer of Highways, Upper Dist.* Lemuel Bates, *Lower Sampson Dibble.*

The only new candidates running, were—

C. W. Turnbury ran as an opposition candidate for Justice of the Peace, and obtained 150 votes; R. E. Clement, 193 votes. Majority for Clement, 33.

Elwood H. Fowler ran for Collector, receiving 132 votes; Abel Clement, 220. Majority for Clement, 88.

Mr. Stoy, ex-State Treasurer of New Jersey, who was convicted of embezzlement while in office, has been sentenced to imprisonment in the State Penitentiary for three years, and until the costs of prosecution are paid.

We have received a postal card with advertisement, in which the advertiser offers, among other animals, large Brahmin fowls, covered with long silken hair, instead of feathers, and *mirabilis dictu!* GREEN guineas, both at \$8 a pair, the money to be sent with the order, and none sent *v. n. n.* We may be a little green, but not green enough to be caught in this trap, and think none of our readers will.

Mr. Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, is ready to begin the redemption of the fractional currency in silver coin, as soon as he receives the proper authority.

The "Ocean Grove" newspaper, published by Rev. A. Wallace, is an excellent family paper, and highly prized by all the household wherever received. Many in Haddonfield or elsewhere would like to have it, and will hand us the subscription price, \$1.50 a-year, we will have it promptly and regularly sent to them, and throw in the "Basket" for three months *gratis*, beginning with the present number.

The American Agriculturist, Orange Judd Co., New York, cannot fail to impart usefulness, pleasure and amusement to every one who reads it, both old and young. \$1.60 a year, post-paid. We will receive subscribers for this work, also, and throw in the "Basket" three months *gratis*, to any one so desiring.

A great to-do is being made about the short comings of W. W. Belknap, late Secretary of War; but is he any worse than hundreds of others? Gen. Babcock was pronounced not guilty by the jury before whom he was tried in relation to whisky frauds, and it is said he shook hands with them all round after his acquittal; yet it is a significant fact that he now "retires from the white house," where he has been one of the President's confidential officers. Perhaps Gen. Grant thinks it best for his own credit to let Babcock "slide." Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., now occupies his place.

Senator Randall, too, who has been zealous in ferreting out the weaknesses of others, is now being attended to for voting for and receiving "back pay," a few years ago, a little matter known at the time as the "graft game." This shows the importance of men who are looking up the laches of others, having clean hands themselves.

We had quite a thunder storm in our neighborhood early on Sunday morning last—the claps of thunder being peculiar, somewhat resembling short sharp explosions of powder, and most of them followed by a short dash of rain.

WHAT NEXT?—There are some people that seem to have run Centennial-mad. A bill was recently introduced in our Legislature providing for a tax of seven cents per capita (per head) in the cities and towns for the celebration of the Centennial, notwithstanding the large contributions already made by Jersey. There was, however, consideration enough for the people to defeat it.

A bill has passed in the Senate of New Jersey, appropriating \$1000 to secure a proper representation of the New Jersey school interests at the Centennial.

OUR TABLE.

Asbury's Illustrated Home Magazine for March has a telling and impressive engraving called "The Story of Othello," in which the fair young girl is watching him with pitying eyes, while he relates his "hair-breadth 'scapes," the father with a stern, downcast look, and the waiting man with absorbing interest. This Magazine now ranks with the best of them, and is of so high a moral tone, as to be suitable for every home circle. It also contains engravings of patterns for women's dresses, some of which are too ridiculous for any sensible woman to adopt. But as they are fashionable among a certain class, the publisher feels called upon to give them. He don't command them.

Even the children's pride must be indulged, by having their set fashions, and dresses provided for them sometimes that are not calculated to promote either their comfort or their health. But they are "the fashion." We once knew a family, father, mother and seven children, boys and girls. The mother had such an affection for fashion, that she carried it even into the mis-pronunciation of certain words in the English language, such, for instance, as go-irl for girl, ne-inth for ninth, re-ide, e-arch, etc. Of course, her children must be dressed in the most ultra-fashionable style—with their naked necks, arms and legs. We often spoke of the impropriety of such dressing, the danger arising therefrom of colds, coughs, consumption, and probably early deaths. Our warning was unheeded, and sure enough, although the father and mother were ordinarily healthy and robust people, and the children, when quite young, were of a rosy countenance and the picture of health, and some of them survived to man and womanhood, yet they all passed away years ago. How much had the extreme of fashion to do with this? We think we hear somebody whispering "old fogey."

Vick's Floral Guide, No. 2, for 1876, is full of useful information about the cultivation of Flowers, Vegetables, etc. Some correspondent in writing to him, says, "I do not find Tarragon in your catalogue," to which he responds in the following humorous way:

"We have Tarragon seed, and a score of little things that we do not advertise—just keep them on hand to accommodate those strange people who are always hunting up strange things."

We give two other extracts from this Number of the "Guide." They are reasonable:

ASPARAGUS.—"The soil for Asparagus should be mellow and deep, and made very rich with manure. Make beds so narrow that you can reach to the centre. Obtain good one or two year old plants, and set them a foot apart, spreading the roots in the way they grew before being taken up. The crown should be three inches below the surface of the bed."

PANSY.—"The Pansy only gives its best flowers when the plant is young and vigorous. It does not flower well in hot and dry weather. If you get plants from the florist, see that they are young and vigorous—the younger the better. Don't pick out the oldest, largest plants; if you do, you will make a bad selection."

Any one desiring to see this pamphlet or any of the series, are welcome to their use.

"The Temperance Blessing," published by Charles Heritage, Esq., ("Father Heritage,") has been bought by Messrs. Moss & Cooper, and its name changed to "School, Church and Home," and will be especially devoted to the interests of young people.

"The Pester," published by Mr. Ridpath, at Jenkintown, Pa., has been recently enlarged to nearly double its former size, and has a large and increasing subscription list, showing that the people of that town duly appreciate a local paper.

The Richmond (Ind.) Free Press of a late date has a notice of a pleasant surprise party given to Adna Bradway and wife, on the occasion of the 32d anniversary of their marriage. He was one of our early boyhood companions and friends. He will probably be remembered by some of the Haddonfield people as having at one time run the flour-mill now run by Hiram Snell.

An iron wharf is spoken of for Cape May City, to extend 1000 feet into the ocean, and 20 feet wide; to stand against storms, waves and ice. Depth of water 16 feet at low tide, and 22 feet at high tide. Estimated cost, \$50,000.

Written for the Haddonfield Basket.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

The following enigma was received after the page with other similar matter was made up and printed, and hence is out of its proper place.

I am composed of 37 letters:

My 7, 5, 32, 18, 12, 9, 37, 2, an important Phoenician colony.

My 30, 19, 35, 20, 27, 26, a praying mother of the Old Testament.

My 23, 3, 22, 8, the mother of Jaeha's first-born.

My 31, 10, 6, 5, 33, 24, a name given to the ten tribes.

My 17, 19, 35, 36, 13, 14, an important Babylonish captive.

My 1, 22, 16, 4, 37, a noxious plant of the East.

My 11, 31, 20, 25, a habitation used by many of the natives of the East.

My 28, 9, 29, 11, 23, 33, a certain part of some of the Jewish letters.

My 21, 15, 25, 12, 27, 35, the place where a youth was sold into slavery.

My whole is an acknowledgment of the Lord's universal sovereignty.

E. O. P.

The St. Louis Times, on the authority of one Dr. Terry, who has spent much of his life on the frontiers, represents Orville Grant, a brother of the president, as mixed up with Belknap, in his scandalous operations, and equally guilty. But the President can't help what his brother does. "Let no guilty man escape."

Our brother of the "Woodstown Register," should have given the "Basket" credit for the article beginning "A Village Newspaper."

Daniel Drew, the great New York stock speculator, has become a bankrupt, with liabilities, as stated, of \$1,000,000, and assets of \$916,000, besides other properties of uncertain value, and heavily mortgaged.

Invitations were presented to all the members of the Methodist E. Conference, recently assembled at Washington, by Presidents and Mrs. Grant, to attend a social evening entertainment at the White House, which was accepted, and, among other social enjoyments, a portion of the evening was spent in singing and a prayer.

The National Bank of the State, New York city, suspended a few days ago, in consequence, it is said, of outside speculations by its Vice-President. Its capital was \$2,000,000—one half of which has been sunk.

Efforts are being made in Congress to put the salary of the future President of the U. S. back to \$25,000 per annum, instead of \$50,000, as now paid.

The Camden and Atlantic and the West Jersey Railroad Co.'s are making extensive preparations for the large increase of travel expected the coming season.

Judge Taft has been nominated by the President as Secretary of War, in place of Belknap.

The Republican Convention will meet at Trenton on the 17th of May next.

Gen. Babcock, it is said, will resign from the army.

MARRIED.

At the M. E. Parsonage, on the 16th Feb., by Rev. J. G. Crate, Mr. Thomas H. Master, or Moorestown, to Miss Sarah A. Voucan, of Ashbury.

On the 17th ult., at Mount Holly, by Rev. Edward Braslin, Wm. Henderson, of Haddonfield, and Anna H. Darnell, of Medford.

DIED.

On the 4th inst., in Haddonfield, Joseph Walton, aged 72 years. Mr. Walton was formerly of Philadelphia. In Haddonfield, on the 11th inst., Mrs. Celestine Fowler, aged about 45, wife of Wm. Fowler.

Haddonfield Library.

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